

## Warm and Fuzzy by PearlDreams

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Age Regression/De-Aging, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Background Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Brotherly Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Comfort/Angst, Evil Plans, Gen, Hurt/Comfort, Little Steve Harrington, Non-Sexual Age Play, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Post-Stranger Things 2, Soft Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington Has Bad Parents, Steve Harrington Is a Mess, Steve Harrington Needs a Hug, Steve Harrington is a Sweetheart, Steve Harrington-centric, demodogs, evil author

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

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**Summary:**

Season 3 doesn't exist, so we are post season 2, everyone is alive, etc.

Steve doesn't know what he's feeling, but he's not sure if that's a bad thing, but everyone is worried about him.

Steve starts to gravitate towards pastel and softly colored, cute clothes.

-Don't like don't read etc

-dont own stranger things, etc

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

I don't know, I'm bored and I'm unsure how to proceed with my other fictions so I did this instead :)  
Enjoy

Steve wasn't sure how he was feeling, waking up, lying on his bed. This was a vaguely familiar, but overall new sensation for him- the tingling fuzziness and warmth that seemed to rotate all around and through his body and remained imprinted in the back of his mind.

Steve got out of bed, groaning at the fact that he had to get up, but school demanded his attendance. He didn't want a call to his parents, and Steve felt a tingle of fear flow down his spine at the thought.

Steve gently swayed towards his closet, rubbing one of his eyes. He opened it, and felt his eyes gravitate towards the back, his eyes finding a soft pastel sweater, hidden in the corner. Steve didn't quite remember how or when he got it.

'A gift from Nancy?' he thought, 'from when we were still-,' Steve shook his head and he quickly grabbed the clothes that were in the front.

Steve ran towards the shower, quickly undressing and stepping under ice cold water, hoping to get rid of the sleepiness and to get rid of that warm feeling.

~~~~~  
Steve drove fast, his car zooming at what was probably way past the safe speed limit of 45. He made it to school in record timing, lucky enough to not get caught by Hopper, but unlucky because right as Steve got to the school parking lot he realized he ditched the kids.

"Shit!" Steve quickly backed out of the parking lot, and once again, zoomed down the road to do his round of pick up and drop off.

~~~~~  
Steve walked through the halls, trying to get to his next class without seeing Billy.

"Hey, pretty boy!"

Speak of the devil.

Steve flinched, but felt that warm, tingly feeling intensify.

Steve turned around, seeing Billy's smirk as he got shoved into the wall. Hard.

Steve couldn't hold back a whimper, his eyes slightly watering up. Billy's eyes widened, and he stepped back, surprised, "uh- you-you good, Harrington?"

Steve looked down, fiddling with one of his sleeves. He pushed himself off the wall and ran to his next class, ignoring a piercing, but curious and worried, gaze.

~~~~~

## 2. Chapter 2

The last bell of the day finally rang.

Steve ran out of the school as fast as he could, avoiding Billy and Nancy and Jonathan and everyone else. Steve got into his car and starts speeding towards his home. The kids could walk home for all he cared.

Steve barely managed to park his car before running into his bedroom, throwing himself onto his bed with a small "oompf".

Steve felt his eyes flutter as the warm and tingly feeling increased. Steve slowly started to fall asleep, his eyes becoming heavy as the feeling made him relax. Steve felt a small, childish giggle escape from his lips, the feeling encompassing him completely as his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

~~~~~

Steve woke up to loud knocking. He groaned, trying to ignore it as he nuzzled himself deeper into his blankets.

"Steve! Hello? STEVE!"

Steve groaned loudly, slowly pushing himself up and off of the bed. He walked down, slowly, to the front door, which was still making loud noises.

Steve heard worried voices from the other side of the door, and the knocking started up again.

"STEEEEEVE!"

Steve sighed and opened the door abruptly, cutting off the voices.

"What, dipshits?" Steve leaned against the door, looking at the people who were making such loud noises.

The kids were looking at Steve with worried eyes and frowns on their faces.

Dustin stepped forwards, "Steve? Are you alright?" The kids behind Dustin looked at Steve, waiting expectingly.

Steve smiled awkwardly, "yeah, duh! I'm obviously okay, dipshits. Why?"

Dustin got pushed aside, and Max answered, "You didn't pick us up from school, Steve! I had to beg Billy to take us all home, and then Billy asked if you were alright-which was just weird because, you know, it's Billy- and we got worried!"

Steve sighed, and stood up straight, "I'm alright, okay? I'm just...feeling a little sick, is all."

Max narrowed her eyes, and it was clear that no one really believed him.

~~~~~

Steve shut the door, finally. It took a while, but he finally convinced the kids to leave him alone. He looked out the window and realized just how late it had gotten. The sun was setting, turning the sky dark with purples and grays.

Steve sighed, again.

"This is gonna be a long night..."

~~~~~

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Notes for the Chapter:

I finally have time to write and it is 150 am I'm also tired

Oops

Comments would be appreciated but not required

Steve decided that, instead of going back to bed, he would sit on the couch and watch something on the TV. He wasn't tired anymore anyways.

Steve flipped through random channels before settling on some random movie.

Steve's stomach grumbled, and Steve whined as he got up from the couch. He couldn't believe this- he'd just sat down! Couldn't his stomach have told him the he was hungry before he sat down and got comfy?

Steve felt the warm buzz surround him again as he walked to the kitchen. His head and arms and legs felt fuzzy again, but Steve was still hungry, so he powered through.

Reaching the fridge, Steve was vaguely aware of what he was grabbing and soon he was making his way back to the couch.

As Steve was eating his freshly grabbed cold pizza, bright colors flashed in his peripheral vision, and Steve felt his head snap up.

It was a kids cartoon, brightly colored and animated. Steve felt himself become engrossed in it, his pizza long forgotten and the feeling enveloping him like a soft fuzzy blanket.

Steve giggled at the antics of the animated characters on the TV screen, and he started to lightly suck the tip of his pointer finger.

~~~~~

Steve woke up to light in his eyes. Groaning, he pulled himself off of the floor- "When did I get here?" He tilted his head, not unlike a cat. He looked at the TV, an early morning kids show playing. Steve stared, almost sitting back down on the floor again before his stomach rumbled.

"Alright, alright! Chill!" He said to himself, rubbing his stomach as he grabbed his previously abandoned, now lukewarm slice of pizza.

He ate it, but made a face at the taste, his nose crinkling as he took bites and chewed.

"Ugh...gross..." Steve finally managed to finish the pizza, heading to the kitchen to quickly grab himself a glass of water to get rid of the disturbing taste.

He looked at the clock, "only 25 minutes until school..."

He walked up the stairs to take a shower, once again staring at the pastel sweater in the corner.

~~~~~

Steve decided to compromise, wearing a soft but not pastel pink sweater with his classic jeans and some basic shoes. He decided to skip the hair because he didn't feel like it.

He did manage to pick up the kids this time, and promised, "Most definitely, I will pick you guys up, I swear it!"

Steve sighed, 'those kids..' he thought fondly.

Steve felt it before he heard it. The- noticeably lighter- shove into the wall with a late warning,

"Plant your feet, Harrington!"

Steve blinked, his eyes meeting that piercing blue yet again.

"You alright, pretty boy?"

Steve gaped, his mind feeling fuzzier and fuzzier, "....mhm?" Steve's so-called answer sounded more like a whimper, and Steve found himself once again looking away from Billy's eyes and to his fingers, fiddling with the hem of his sweater and the tips of his fingers.

Billy's body heat seemed to mix with the already warm feeling, making it feel more and more intense. Steve felt like he was floating and falling at the same time as his eyelids fluttered.

Warm fingers gripped his chin, forcing Steve to look up.

"Answer me, pretty boy. With your words."

Steve whined at the back of his throat, "I-I..."

Billy's face said he would wait.

"I'm-...I'm alright."

Billy smiled (or was it a smirk? Steve couldn't tell this time) and walked away, patting Steve on the head, "good."

Steve shuddered, the warmer feeling going away with Billy's natural body heat, but the overall feeling staying with him.

Steve looked around, "shit...when did class start?"

~~~~~

## 4. Chapter 4

### Notes for the Chapter:

I finally have some free time so Im writing chapters like crazy~

Please enjoy!

Steve bit his bottom lip, wondering if he should either go to class or just leave early. He already missed part of his classes anyways...

"Steve?"

Steve gasped and his head shot in the direction of the soft voice.

Nancy.

Her worried eyes made him feel guilty. After all, he had avoided her and Jonathan and everyone that had tried to talk to him yesterday, and yet here she is, still feeling worried about him even though he was being a jerk- both when they were dating and after.

"Oh, Steve.."

Steve didn't realise there were tears falling down his face until Nancy's soft fingers were gently wiping them away.

Steve sniffled, and he tried to hide his face with his hands.

"Steve, no, don't do that, it's okay, I promise."

Steve whined, feeling himself being pulled into Nancy's arms. He pulled her close, putting his face into the crook of her neck.

Her gentle fingers rubbed the base of his neck and smoothed his hair.

She gently pulled him, leading him away from the wall, "let's go home, Steve, is that okay?"

Steve nodded into her neck, feeling the vibrations of her soft chuckle.

~~~~~

Before Steve knew it, he was in Nancy's bedroom, on Nancy's bed. The comforter was different this time; a soft, velvety pastel blue with little dark blue patterns.

Steve felt the feeling wrap around his whole body gently, his mind going fuzzy.

Steve whined into her comforter, his face turning lightly red at the sound of Nancy's giggling.

"Nancyyy!"

Steve was a little shocked at the sound of his own voice, the light and

higher pitched sound making him feel even warmer and fuzzier. If Nancy was shocked at the sound of his voice too, she didn't show it. She just smiled at him.

"Why don't you go to sleep, hm?"

Steve whined, "no! 'M not...'m not tired!"

Nancy raised an eyebrow, obviously not believing that statement, "mhm, sure, Steve."

Steve didn't feel like moving off his comfy spot on the bed, and he didn't even notice his eyes closing until darkness enveloped him.

~~~~~

## 5. Chapter 5

Steve woke up to gentle humming and fingers in his hair. He opened his eyes and saw Nancy smiling at him.

"Finally awake, huh, Steve?"

Steve nodded, the feeling of embarrassment filling up his stomach.

"Uh- yeah.. thanks...Nance.."

Steve felt awkward. What was he supposed to say? I'm sorry? Sorry for what? It's not like he wasn't invited-

Nancy tapped his forehead, "where'd you go?" She giggled.

Steve flushed, "N-nowhere!"

Nancy did her classic eyebrow raise and she stood up from where she was sitting.

"Are you feeling better now?"

Steve nodded, "yeah...sorry you had to see that."

Nancy frowned, her eyebrows furrowed, "you did nothing wrong! Steve," she said, in her very Nancy, very sweet and careful way, "it's okay to cry. I don't mind, especially if it's you. We're friends, aren't we?"

Steve stood up, fiddling with his sleeves, and nodded, "yeah, 'course we're friends, Nance!"

~~~~~

Steve got invited to dinner, which- of course- he said yes to.

Now though, it was close to being pitch black outside, and Steve had to go home. Mrs. Wheeler asked him if he'd like a ride, but he declined. Steve wanted to take a walk, even though it wouldn't be a short walk.

Steve's mind wandered, thinking about a specific cute pastel pink sweater.

A roaring engine startled him, and he jumped.

"Did I scare ya, pretty boy?" Billy chuckled from inside his car, his window rolled down.

Steve didn't even realize that Billy was following him, nor that Billy had driven so close.

Steve pouted slightly.

"That was mean, jerkwad!" He yelled.

Billy smirked, "get in."

"What! No!"

Billy leaned forwards (as far as he could, anyways, considering the

car door was in his way).

"Did I ask?"

Steve shuddered, and he fiddled with his sleeves again.

"Get in, pretty boy."

Steve's mouth skewed, his nose crinkling, and he glared at Billy, "Hell no, Hargrove!"

Billy's eyes narrowed, and he opened the car door so fast Steve almost thought it was broken because of the loud cracking sound.

Billy gripped Steve's wrists and pulled him close, "Get. In. The. Car."

Steve stared, and quickly nodded, sighing in relief when Billy let go and went back into the car.

Steve quickly went around to the passenger side at the look Billy gave him.

~~~~~

## 6. Chapter 6

### Notes for the Chapter:

Idk if you guys think Billy is too ooc or not, but when I saw s3 I thought Billy redemption was more of a last ditch effort that didn't have as much thought thrown into it as, say, Steve's redemption? Idk, it might be just me, but whatevs.

Steve swallowed, his throat dry. He kept glancing at Billy, then the road, then Billy...

"What you lookin' at, Harrington!" Billy growled out Steve's last name like it was an insult.

"Uhm-" Steve whimpered, shrinking into himself.

Billy's eyes softened, barely, and he looked at Steve as they pulled into Steve's driveway.

Billy's hand gently grasped Steve's.

"Hey...I...I'm sorry."

Steve blinked, staring at Billy, "oh..um..it's alright?" Steve felt like he was asking a question, but whether to himself or to Billy, he didn't know.

And it seemed Billy had the same idea, "is that a question or a statement, princess?"

Steve's gut turned flimsy, tingling sensations shooting up his spine and creating warmth that flowed through his body, making his hands and fingertips and legs and toes feel almost weightless and almost heavy at the same time.

All of the sudden, Steve felt like he couldn't reply, his mind heavily fuzzy, along with his tongue, heavy like lead.

Steve wasn't sure what came out of his mouth, but it definitely wasn't words.

Billy stared at Steve for a few minutes before getting out of the car and going over to Steve's side. He opened the door and grabbed Steve, carrying him princess style (the irony was not lost on Steve, as incapacitated as he felt).

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As soon as Billy put Steve down on the couch, Billy noticed that Steve somehow managed to put the tip of his pointer finger into his mouth,

lightly sucking on it.

Billy chuckled, gently grabbing the hand that belonged to the finger, and pulled it away from Steve's mouth.

Steve whined, his head tilting up at Billy.

"Don't look at me like that, princess, that's bad for you!"

Steve pouted, the cuteness that was currently in front of Billy was making Billy feel like his heart was about to explode.

Billy sighed, before realizing that Steve was looking at his own sweater with light disgust.

"What's wrong, princess?"

Steve mumbled, "I don't know.."

Billy held back a coo, and he kneeled in front of Steve, "and why don't I believe that? Hm? Tell me the truth, princess."

Steve fiddled with his fingers for a little while before answering.

"S not my pink sweater..."

~~~~~

## 7. Chapter 7

Billy smiled, involuntary chuckles making his chest vibrate. Steve gave him a pathetic little glare, but it was completely nullified when Steve started to suck on part of his sleeve. Billy rose, and asked, "where's your room, princess?" Steve only rose his hand slightly, pointing up the stairs and to the left. Billy sighed and started to walk up the stairs. "Not much for directions, huh princess?" Billy grumbled to himself, facing a door.

~~~~~

After what took, what? 20 minutes, Billy finally found Steve's room. 'It's not even on the left! This is the right side of the stairs, princess!' Billy thought, a bit irritated. He sighed, opened what he assumed to be the closet door. Billy eyes traveled for a short bit, his eyes stopping at the floor as he saw that bat. Billy took a small step back, his mind flashing to when Max had threatened him with that very same bat. 'Holy shit! This bat is yours, princess?!' Billy could not connect why and how the same person who was being all cute downstairs was the same person who could own such a bat. In the corner of Billy's eyes though, was something that was soft pink. Billy looked up, seeing the sweater Steve was talking about, sadly shoved into the corner. Billy quickly grabbed it and, sparing one last glance at the bat, closed the closet door.

~~~~~

Billy had no idea what happened. 'I wasn't gone that long...was I?' But at the same time, Billy felt like his heart had definitely exploded. Steve had managed to turn on some kids cartoon, and he was laying on the couch while sucking on his pointer finger...again. Billy sighed, 'I need to find something for him, so he doesn't do that anymore...'. Billy walked closer, Steve's head shooting straight up, Steve's eyes automatically finding the pastel sweater. Billy choked, Steve was making grabby hands towards the sweater (or was towards Billy?).

"Hey, princess. Miss me?"  
Steve babbled and continued with his grabby hands.  
Billy smiled.

~~~~~

## 8. Chapter 8

### Notes for the Chapter:

What's this? Another chapter?

Hmm...

Steve didn't know why it took Billy such a long time to find his sweater!

'I even gave directions!'

Steve made grabby hands at the sweater he couldn't stop thinking about. Of course, he also wanted Billy back, too. He felt safe and warm.

It was nice.

Billy seemed to smile, "What? Do you want this, princess?" Billy shook the pretty sweater in front of Steve's eyes teasingly.

Steve whined, leaning over the arm of the couch.

Billy laughed loudly, giving in, "Okay, okay! Here!"

Billy put the sweater into Steve's hands, waiting.

Steve pouted, and raised his arms.

"Put!"

Billy crossed his arms, and raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

Steve puffed his cheeks out, "Put!!" He said stubbornly, and raised his arms even more, for effect.

Realization crossed Billy's eyes, "Oh."

Billy moved Steve's stretched out legs, sitting next to him, "you sure, princess?"

Steve whined loudly, making sure to pierce Billy's eardrums.

Billy winced, "okay, okay, okay! Ouch, princess..."

Steve leaned back, happy. He raised his arms even more, feeling like he was stretching towards the sky. Steve was vaguely surprised his arms didn't fall off yet.

Billy slowly took off the shirt Steve was wearing, putting it on the floor.

Steve kept his arms raised, waiting expectantly, his head slightly tilted as he stared at Billy.

Billy grabbed the pastel, pretty, pink, soft sweater and put it on Steve.

Steve let his arms fall dramatically, and he practically chirped in happiness.

Billy chuckled, and made a slightly strangled sound as Steve wrapped his arms around Billy's neck and snuggled.

Steve sighed, Billy felt safe.

Safe and warm.

~~~~~

Billy was surprised, but also not really surprised.

He didn't know how to explain it, really.

It was obvious that Steve was comfortable, his face in Billy neck and his arms around Billy.

Billy would be lying to himself if he said that he hated it- the feeling of Steve, of his warmth.

Billy slowly laid back on the couch, keeping Steve on him, and Billy slowly wrapped his arms around Steve, his hands rubbing soothingly on Steve's back.

Steve hummed happily, obviously starting to fall asleep.

"Go to sleep, princess. I'm here."

~~~~~

## 9. Chapter 9

### Notes for the Chapter:

I know this chapter is short, buuuttt!

Steve groaned softly, shifting himself on the warm-  
Wait.

Warm?

Steve shifted, now noticing that the warmth he was feeling was also wrapped around his torso.

Steve's eyes flew open, meeting Billy's eyes.

Billy's very much open and awake eyes.

Steve flushed, squeaking out, "Oh sh- I- Shit!"

Steve struggled, trying to free himself from his warm prison.

Billy's arms got tighter, pulling Steve closer.

"Uh-" Steve squeaked.

Billy's raised eyebrow of amusement did not make Steve feel any better.

"Where you goin', princess?"

Steve gulped, "p-p-princess?!"

Billy chuckled, his chest vibrating and making Steve move up and down slightly.

Billy sat up, pulling Steve into his chest. Billy shifted, sitting with his legs crossed, and put Steve in his lap.

"How you feeling, pretty boy?" Billy asked softly.

Steve couldn't find it in himself to continue looking at Billy, so he looked away, his face red with embarrassment.

"I'm alright but I'm so sorry you had to see me like that- like this- I just don't-"

Billy grabbed Steve's chin, turning it to meet his eyes, "It's okay, I promise. I- I like taking care of you."

Steve fell speechless, and stared at Billy.

Billy stared back.

~~~~~

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm planning on making another chapter later today,  
so stay tuned! ^-^

## 10. Chapter 10

### Notes for the Chapter:

See? What'd I say?  
This is..later...  
This counts as later, right?

Steve didn't know how long he and Billy were staring at each other for, making silent agreements, but a knock on the front door made Steve jump 5 ft high, making Billy laugh loudly.

"Scared, pretty boy?"

Steve pouted.

"No! I was not! But-"

The knocking came back, this time, louder.

"Steeeeeveee! Take us to the arcade!"

Steve grumbled, Billy finally opening his arms to let him out. Steve stumbled to the door, opening it as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

Steve was met with excited faces.

"What the hell, shitbirds?"

"Well, you know...consider this as your way of making it up to us for your past misses of pick up and drop off!" Max said, smirking, while the other kids nodded their heads in agreement.

"Oh! By the way, have you seen Billy? He didn't come home last night." Max asked, seeming to already know the answer.

Steve froze, not quite knowing how to answer.

"No!" Steve practically yelled, "I mean, no, sorry Max. Haven't seen him."

Max raised an eyebrow, and Steve felt a flash of Deja Vu.

"Hey Steve?" Will asked timidly, "um...what...what are you wearing?"

It was then, Steve felt horror.

He was wearing the pastel sweater.

"Oh! Well! Um, you see, it's-"

Steve felt a warm body place itself next to him, along with an equally warm arm placing itself on his shoulder, dangling.

"What's up, assholes?"

Steve paled, and so did the kids (except for Max, that little-)

All at once, there were several questions and exclamations of horror.

"Hey, hey, hey! Shut up! One at a time assholes!"

Mike looked furious, "you lied?!"

Dustin stepped up, "Steve...why?"

Mike spoke up again, "friends don't lie!"

Will looked confused and then Lucas spoke up, "yeah! And didn't he, like, I don't know, beat you up!"

Steve sighed, "look, kids, it's alright, okay? Me and Billy, we...we worked it all out."

Dustin muttered under his breath, "it's Billy and I!..."

Will gave Dustin a quick jab with his elbow.

Steve glanced at Max, trying to gauge her reaction. She didn't look particularly surprised, or even upset.

Weird.

Billy spoke, "yeah, we've worked it out. We're friends now, 'kay, assholes? Now, get a move on!" Billy moved Steve out of the way to get past him and herded all the kids, except Max, towards Steve's car.

Steve looked at Max, "how'd you know?"

Max shrugged, and pointed behind her.

Oh yeah.

Billy's car.

"Honestly, I'm surprised those idiots didn't even realize it was there. Or recognize it."

Steve laughed, "yeah, a buncha idiots," he said fondly, walking towards the car, Max following and giggling next to him.

~~~~~

## 11. Chapter 11

### Notes for the Chapter:

I know it's shorter than my other ones.  
Howevert....

Getting to the arcade was easy.

Figuring out what to do after they all got there was hard. Steve didn't really play games, after all, so he felt out of place.

Steve curled into himself, wrapping an arm around his torso and his other arm cradled his shoulder as he stood off to the side awkwardly, staring at the kids.

"You good, Harrington?"

Warm breath tickled his ear, and Steve turned to face an amused Billy.

"Oh! Well, I'm not usually..."

Steve trailed off.

"An arcade-game-player-type?" Billy finished for him, huffing (trying not to laugh! How dare-).

Steve pouted. Billy was making fun of him!

"Steve? I think Jonathan is gonna pick us up."

A soft voice said, making Steve tilt his head towards the small child next to him.

"Is that so? That's okay, Will." Steve gently ruffled Will's hair, enjoying the little whine he got in return.

Steve looked at all the others, finding their eyes, "if Jonathan's gonna pick you little shiteheads up, then I guess I'll see you guys later!"

A sounding chorus of "bye, Steve!" followed Steve as he walked out of the arcade and to his car.

"What's this? Steve Harrington, is that you?" A hateful laugh filled Steve's ears, "and what in the world is this? A pastel pink sweater, of all things? How ridiculous!"

A snarky female voice cut in, laughing mockingly, "isn't pink for girls, Stevie?" The nickname was said in such a venomous way, Steve flinched, "are you a girl, Stevie? Huh? Or are you a fa-"

Billy was suddenly in front of Steve, pushing Steve behind his warm body, "something the matter, Tommy?" Billy growled, and Steve could only put his head into Billy's back, hiding and shivering.

~~~~~

**Notes for the Chapter:**

It was just too easy to leave you off in a cliffhanger!  
And I'm feeling particularly evil today

## 12. Chapter 12

### Notes for the Chapter:

Sooooo...

Sorry it took so long to update, but! I have a valid reason this time! However, since it would be kind of long to explain, I'll make it a comment, since I like my notes to be free of all that stuff/stuff like that (Tbh I don't even know if you guys will read it, but I just thought you guys should know why it took so long to get this chap up)

Tommy laughed, sounding even more sour.

"Nope! No problems here, Hargrove! Just talking to this worthless, prissy boy fag-"

Tommy didn't get to finish his sentence.

Billy moved so fast he was a blur (or was that the tears welling up in Steve's eyes?)

Carol squeaked, "Tommy!"

Steve felt like the world was melting away, and he couldn't tell what he was feeling anymore.

Gentle hands and slightly calloused fingertips gently gripped Steve's arms, pulling him away and back into the arcade, away from Carol and Tommy's pleading for Billy to stop.

~~~~~  
Steve blinked, the world starting to return to him, and he heard gentle whispers and small words of kindness.

Steve looked up, finding Jonathan's kind face. Steve glanced around, finding the kids looking at him with worried faces.

Jonathan slightly turned his head to the kids, "it's alright now, go back to your game."

The kids immediately protested, only to bite their lips gently, quieting themselves, at Jonathan's glare.

The kids slowly walked away, sending periodic glances at Steve.

Jonathan slowly stroked part of Steve's hair, "you with me now? How're you feeling?"

Steve blinked again, "what-what happened?"

Jonathan shushed him, "it doesn't matter now, okay? Billy-"

Steve's eyes widened, remembering, "wait! Where's Billy? Where- he-" Jonathan pulled Steve into a hug, petting Steve's hair softly, "it's alright, I promise. Billy's taking care of it."

Steve sighed, tears welling up in his eyes again, and nodded.

~~~~~  
Jonathan also nodded (to himself however, finally deciding on what to do)

Jonathan pulled away, wincing at Steve's frightened whimper, and whispered soft assurances before walking towards the kids.

Jonathan pulled Will off to the side, "okay, so, either Billy or Hopper will have to take you guys home."

Will's eyes widened, and before he could say anything, Jonathan cut him off, "Steve shouldn't be home alone right now, and I remember Nancy telling me something important, so I'll take Steve with me to Nancy's, and we'll take care of him."

~~~~~  
Will felt conflicted.

Should he tell Jonathan that Steve probably wouldn't be home alone- Will's eyes glanced at the nearest window, seeing Billy 'talking' to a one Mr. Chief Hopper, and back to Jonathan.

Will nodded.

~~~~~  
Jonathan sighed, relieved at seeing Will's nod.

"Thanks for understanding, Will."

Jonathan gave Will a quick hug, turning around just as fast, and walking to Steve.

Jonathan grasped Steve's arms, taking him out of the arcade. Jonathan passed by Billy and Chief Hopper arguing, Billy making aggressive hand gestures at Hopper and to Tommy and Carol, whose faces were bruised.

Billy huffed at Hopper's reply, and crossed his arms while turning his head away.

Billy blinked at Jonathan, seeing Steve in his grasp.

Jonathan stopped, staring at Billy while Billy stared back.

Billy inclined his head in what was sort of a nod, and turned back to Hopper, who was looking between Jonathan and Billy with confusion, before his eyes landed on Steve, and Hopper's face was cleared of any confusion. Hopper gave a quick glare to Tommy and Carol, before resuming his talk with Billy.

Jonathan smiled slightly, walking towards his car again.

~~~~~

Pulling up to Nancy's house after an awkward, silent car ride was a godsend.

Jonathan jumped out of his car, and pulled Steve out. He barely made it to the door before Nancy bursts out of the house with a cry of, "Steve?!"

Nancy had worry all over her gentle face.

"Jonathan, what happened?"

Jonathan rubbed a free hand over his face as he sighed, and he explained to Nancy as they walked into the house and up the stairs.

~~~~~

Nancy couldn't believe it.

She glanced at Steve, the poor boy. Sitting on her bed, almost barely acknowledging the world around him. Sure, he blinked and nodded and spoke a little, but it wasn't the same.

Nancy looked at Jonathan, and they both looked helpless and unsure of what to do.

Suddenly, Nancy had an idea.

~~~~~

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Ha!!! Another cliffhanger!!!

I'm soooo

Evil!!!

Mwa ha ha ha ha!!!! Fear meh.

## 13. Chapter 13

### Notes for the Chapter:

WAHA!

IM BACK BABYYYY

Nancy gave a quick glance at Jonathan, trying to convey what she thought as she looked towards Steve.

Slowly, Nancy sat close to Steve, "Steevie," she cooed, petting Steve's hair softly.

Steve finally looked at Nancy, his eyes practically sparkling.

Jonathan sat on the other side of Nancy and Steve, his face showing conflict of thought.

Nancy smiled lightly, "Steviee, how's my sweet little boy?"

Nancy tapped Steve's nose, grinning as he starts to giggle.

When Nancy glanced at Jonathan, it was like she reminded him to do something.

Jonathan reached for Steve, pulling him into a gentle hug, Steve's back on Jonathan's chest, still facing Nancy.

Steve hummed childishly, pulling Jonathan's arms closer and closing them at the same time.

Nancy leaned forwards, wrapping her arms around both Steve and Jonathan.

She and Jonathan connected with a light kiss, and then they both leaned down and kissed Steve on both sides of his cheeks.

Nancy and Jonathan smiled at Steve's giggles and squeals.

~~~~~

Billy sighed, relieved to finally get into his car.

Hopper had let him go after a stupid, intense amount of interrogation.

Billy scowled at the fresh memory, and he glared at Hopper's vehicle exiting the scene.

Billy clenched the steering wheel.

He was about to curse up a storm when there was a loud knock at his window.

Billy's head snapped to whoever was stupid enough to knock on his baby (never mind that it was Steve's car, Billy now considered this car officially adopted and car-napped).

Oh.

He rolled down his window.

"Hey, Max-"

Max looked happy at the fact that he didn't say her whole name-  
"-ine."

Max frowned.

"Hey...Billy? Can you drop us all off at Will's house?"

Billy scoffed, "why should I take you shitheads anywhere?"

Max's frown turned into a scowl.

~~~~~

Max was not feeling auspicious when she knocked on the window of Steve's car, looking at Billy, who looked ready to chew her out until he realised it was her.

As usual, he insulted her, and questioned why he should take her and her friends anywhere.

Max strongly exhaled, scowling.

"Because, dumbass, Jonathan was supposed to be the one to take us to Will's house but instead he left with Steve!"

Billy snorted, and Max continued, glaring, "and when we called Will's mom, she said it would take at least 2 hours before-"

Billy raised a hand, shutting her up.

"Fine, shithead."

Max beamed, turning around and ran to the rest of the Party.

~~~~~

Billy frowned, watching Max run to her nerd friends, talk to them, and then Billy watched them all collectively run towards him and the car.

Billy sighed, hitting his head on the steering wheel.

The kids opened the doors, clamoring and being an overall noisy nuisance.

Billy's eyes narrowed at the small one, Will, who got in the passenger's side of the car.

Will's lips pursed, and his eyes got wide as he slowly buckled his seatbelt, staring at Billy like he was watching a bear.

Billy scoffed, looking away.

"Alright, shitheads! Don't bother me, don't annoy me, and do not make me want to toss you all out on the side of the road and leave you there."

Steve's surrogate little brother-what was his name?

Dustin?

Dustin replied, "...wasn't that all the same thing?"  
Billy twisted, staring at Dustin.  
Dustin shifted in the seat.  
Billy grinned, all teeth, and turned back around.  
Billy pulled out of the arcade, speeding in the direction of the Byers home.

~~~~~  
Nancy and Jonathan quickly got used to it.  
To taking care of this...little, child-like Steve.  
Nancy looked at Jonathan, happy to see him smiling.  
Jonathan was tickling Steve, and Nancy was happy to hear them both laughing.  
It was nice. Carefree.  
Nancy opened her mouth-  
"Nancy? Honey? What's all that noise?"  
Nancy, Jonathan, and their little Steve froze.

## Notes for the Chapter:

Hehehe (insert evil face here)  
Cliffhanger

## 14. Chapter 14

### Notes for the Chapter:

Yooo

Nancy wildly looked at the door and at Steve and at Jonathan.

Jonathan looked equally as panicked.

Steve had tears forming in his innocent eyes, and his lip trembled.

Nancy quickly jumped up off the bed, giving Jonathan a look, and she ran towards the door, opening it as little as she could to let herself through, not willing to let her mom see.

Said mother looked confused, "Nancy? What's going on!"

Nancy couldn't speak fast enough.

Karen's face twisted.

"What?"

Nancy breathed in, slowly, and exhaled.

"Sorry. I said, 'Jonathan and I are helping a friend feel better'."

Karen blinked, and she glanced at the door and then back at Nancy.

Nancy smiled awkwardly.

Karen smiled, gently taking Nancy's elbow, "alright, then," she said, before turning and heading down the stairs.

Nancy's jaw dropped, and she threw herself back into her room, closing the door softly.

"That...that was easier than I thought it would be."

Nancy felt like she had just talked to an alien, which, sadly, wouldn't be the craziest thing.

~~~~~

Jonathan glanced nervously at the closed door Nancy had just gone through, and his attention focused on Steve.

Steve, who started to cry.

Jonathan quickly turned Steve to face him, gently shushing him and pulling him close, rubbing his back.

All of the sudden, Nancy flew into the room, making a statement Jonathan didn't quite catch, before she noticed their new position.

She sat on the bed, cooing and rubbing Steve's back gently.

Her hand went in small circles, before resting next to Jonathan's as Steve stopped shaking.

Jonathan let Steve out of his grasp, Steve sniffing softly and rubbing

his nose.

Nancy hugged Steve this time, cooing.

"Shh, it's okay, little one, promise."

Steve quietly babbled, in what Nancy assumed was along the lines of "okay, I believe you".

Jonathan chuckled.

~~~~~

"Alright assholes. We're here! Get out."

The kids got out of the car, chattering loudly as they headed for the front door.

Billy sighed loudly, trying to think of where to go...

"B-billy?"

Billy looked at Will, surprised.

"Thought you were already inside, twerp?"

Will grabbed his own arm nervously.

"What's up?" Billy asked, tilting his head towards the mini Byers.

"Do...do you wanna play D&D with us?" Will shuffled his feet, "we're missing a player..."

Billy chuckled, getting out of the car.

He ruffled the mini Byers' hair, "sure, twerp. I'll bite."

Will grinned, running inside, screaming, "GUYS! BILLY SAID HE'LL PLAY WITH US!"

The rest of the nerds answered, "GREAT! HURRY UP!"

Billy laughed, closing the front door behind him.

~~~~~

## Notes for the Chapter:

It's me again

## 15. Chapter 15

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm back, baby!!!

Ahahahahahahaaa!

Don't notice the changes in tags, and the other changes things please :)))

"FIREBALL HIM!"

"NO!"

"NO! WAIT! WAIT! I GOT IT!"

"WHAT? WHAT!"

"SEDUCE HIM!"

"WHAT! NO!"

"YES! SEDUCE HIM, THEN STAB HIM!"

"NO!"

"YES!"

"NO!"

"NO!"

"YES! ...WAIT! NO!"

Billy cackled.

Mike rolled his eyes dramatically, and rolled.

"Ugh..."

Will grinned wickedly, "...and so, the troll stopped in it's path, swooning-"

Mike groaned loudly.

"-and the troll picked Mike up, giving him a big smooch-"

Mike groaned even louder, his face in this hands.

"-only to be stabbed in the back by his new-found love! 'AAGH!' the troll cried, 'how could you betray me, my love!' And so, the troll slowly sank to the floor, dead!"

Mike sighed, peeking through his fingers, "thank GOD!"

Billy chuckled, "no way! Don't thank God! Thank me!"

Will and Billy cackled like witches at Mike's embarrassment.

~~~~~

Nancy fell asleep, and Jonathan was left with this...new? Steve.

Jonathan didn't really know, or understand it, not much of it, anyways.

Jonathan thought back, to when Nancy called him some few days ago...

\*~~~~~\*

The phone was ringing.

Jonathan answered.

"Hello?"

"Jonathan!"

"Nancy? What's wrong?"

Nancy proceeded to tell him about what had happened with her and Steve, with how he acted.

Jonathan was surprised, when she said she enjoyed it, when she said that Steve, of all people, was being adorable.

And when she said she wanted to do it again.

\*~~~~~\*

Jonathan snapped out of the memory at the sound of Steve's giggling.

Jonathan looked over at Steve, who was playing with Nancy's hair, his fingers curling and making random shapes with it.

It wasn't until Steve opened his mouth, did Jonathan stop him.

"No- hey! Steve, no!"

Jonathan quietly scolded Steve, pulling him away from Nancy gently.

"Please don't do that, Steve."

Steve's innocent eyes teared up.

Jonathan froze, 'Shit! Nooo, no, no-'

"No, c'mon, Steve, please don't cry," Jonathan said, pulling Steve into his knees, bouncing him.

Steve started to giggle, seeming to enjoy the movement.

Jonathan smiled, 'adorable, huh?'

He glanced at Nancy, her words from that phone call on the front of his mind. Jonathan found that he wouldn't mind taking care of this Steve again, either.

~~~~~

## Notes for the Chapter:

I have never played D&D, don't be mad if the kids' and Billy's D&D session isn't accurate...

Also, just warning you readers: I have been planning several things in/for this story that would make you all suffer! (Eeehehe)

Dontworryillsuffertoo

## 16. Chapter 16

### Notes for the Chapter:

Yoooo

It's meee

I know it's short but

Steve wiggled, his eyes fluttering open.

"Huh? When did I fall asleep?" Steve said, rubbing his eyes as he looked around.

Steve blinked, he didn't really remember coming to Nancy's room. Speaking of Nancy's room, where was Nancy?

Just as Steve started to get up, Nancy and Jonathan walked into the room.

Nancy smiled, and Jonathan froze slightly.

"How are you, Stevie?"

Steve's brow furrowed at the nickname, and his head tilted in confusion.

Nancy's smile faltered, and Jonathan looked a little disappointed.

Nancy tried again, "I meant, how are you-" Nancy swallowed, "-Steve..." She trailed off.

Steve shrugged, "I'm okay. I guess? I don't really...what am I doing here?"

Nancy and Jonathan looked at each other, before they stepped closer, story ready to tell.

~~~~~

Steve knew something weird was going on, with himself, but to be honest Steve wasn't incredibly surprised by what Nancy and Jonathan told him.

Steve wasn't stupid, despite what a lot of people may say or think. Steve noticed. He noticed the strange feelings, the warmth at things he knows no teenager should really like-the childish things, the pastel things Steve was always told didn't suit men, that were supposed to be really only for girls- Steve noticed. Noticed that he found himself watching those cartoons, those really colorful things that made him feel bubbly.

Steve noticed. And he also didn't care, didn't care if people found out and thought he was weird, or whatever. Steve didn't think it was bad,

not at all. And he would be damned if he let other people tell him otherwise.

~~~~~

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Go Steve!  
; ;  
Prepare

## 17. Chapter 17

### Notes for the Chapter:

Ok, I know it's been a while, but that isn't my fault!!!! I promise I haven't forgotten!

Also, I feel like I should put a trigger warning for this chapter, but I also trust you guys to know when to continue reading or when to stop reading, pace yourself, don't read it if it's too much for you.

Please, don't push yourself if it's too hard.

Steve made it home before dark, just barely.

After talking for what seemed to be hours, Steve finally decided to go home. Nancy and Jonathan wanted him to stay for a little longer, but Steve couldn't.

Steve sat on the couch, ready to turn on the TV.

But before he could, the door opened.

Steve turned around, and felt his heart pounded. His stomach dropped, and anxiety buzzed in his head and in his heart.

~~~~~

Steve's parents opened the door, their shoes clicking and thumping on the floor as they made their way through.

Steve contemplated running, pretending he wasn't home, anything at all-

"Oh, hello, Steve!" His parents sat on the couch, smiling, "how was your day, honey?"

Steve swallowed, "it-it-it was- it was-" Steve stopped himself, his cheeks turning red as he breathed in deeply, "My day was good. How was your-your- trip?"

Steve parents smiled, and his dad chuckled, "it-it-it-" his dad laughed while his mom giggled, and Steve felt his own self-hatred build up, his hands shaking with anger- both at himself and at his parents.

His parents finished their little joke, and spoke again.

"Our trip was perfect, Steve. However, our little stop here will be rather short-"

Steve snorted.

"-and we're afraid we'll only be here for an hour or so."

Steve sneered, "why stay here at all, if you're only going to be here

for a short while? Why even stop at all! Just keep driving! Keep driving towards whatever new resort or hotel that keeps calling your name, so you can fuck like rabbits!"

His parents gaped.

"Now, Steve," his father said, in a way that made all the fire Steve felt burning through his body freeze like he was suddenly thrown into the frozen tundras, "you don't talk back to us, with that tone!" His mother scolded, her voice projected loudly enough it made him flinch, "I brought you into this world, I can take you out of it!"

Steve curled into himself slightly, shaking.

His father stood, "do we need to get a belt?" His father said, slapping his hands together loudly, making Steve flinch away, his mind going to when he was a child, being hit with his father's belt.

Steve swallowed, saying nothing.

Steve's mother chided his father, "now, now, we haven't actually ever hit him, why start now?"

Steve blinked, anger filling him once more, "you used to hit me with a belt when I was younger!"

His mother and father laughed, "no we haven't! We have given you timeouts, you spoiled brat child!"

Steve's stomach dropped.

His father said, "yeah. We were raised on farms, we got real discipline. Those of you who got the belt, raise your hand."

His father and mother raised their hands, staring at Steve.

Steve felt frozen, his limbs heavy.

He didn't raise his hand.

~~~~~

Steve practically ran to his room, into the bathroom.

His throat felt constricted, and his felt his heart pacing, thumping so, so loudly. His head felt loud, and he couldn't really think.

His breaths were coming in short, his chest moving quickly.

His legs and arms and his body felt like jelly, underwater jelly. Heavy and wobbly and immovable.

His eyes teared up, but he didn't cry.

His lips pursed together, and Steve felt like he was going to vomit.

He didn't.

~~~~~

Steve didn't know how long he sat there, in the bathroom.

Long enough to hear his parents loudly have intercourse in their bedroom, and long enough to hear them open the front door and

leave, faint words of "bye, Steve!" going through one ear and out the other.

Steve breathed deeply, in his nose, out his mouth.

He eventually stood up, and stumbled out the bathroom, out his bedroom, down the stairs.

Dazed, he sat back on the couch.

The remote seemed to call to him, and he turned the TV on, settling on a colorful animated cartoon.

Steve let himself fall, sucking on the tip of his finger while tears fell out of his eyes, and he sobbed silently.

~~~~~

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I based Steve's stuttering and the way he restarts his sentence when he stutters too much off the way I stutter, simply because I know it works for this "type" (is there even a type???) and I know what I do and how I deal with it.

## 18. Chapter 18

### Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter is full of softness

Steve woke up to a quiet TV, cartoons just as bright as when he turned it on. He turned his head, hearing shuffling coming from the kitchen.

Steve wobbled up off the couch, heading towards the noise.

His head tilted at the sight.

"Shit! Fuck!"

The pancakes being made burnt quickly.

Steve giggled, and Hopper turned around, startled, almost dropping the pan, "SHiT!"

Steve laughed, and Hopper growled at the pan of burnt pancakes like it was a personal insult to his dignity.

"How's it goin', Chief?"

Hopper sighed, chuckling lightly, "oh, you know, the usual. Reinforcing why I only eat TV dinners."

Steve smiled as Hopper put the pan in the sink, mumbling about "dealing with it later".

The burnt smell lingered in the air.

"Not that I mind, but, why are you here?"

Hopper frowned, suddenly looking serious.

Steve's smile fell.

Hopper inched forwards, touching a big, comforting, warm hand to Steve's shoulder.

"El told me that you were...having some problems, so I can to see if you were okay."

Steve was suddenly terrified. Yeah, sure, he promised himself he wouldn't let other people's opinion of what he was, what he was like, affect him, but this was Hopper! Hopper, everyone's makeshift dad, their rock.

All of the sudden, Steve felt himself be pulled into Hopper's big, bear-like embrace.

Steve melted, and everything felt like it exploded. Emotions overflowed and spilled out, gushing out like an overflowing sink.

~~~~~

Hopper didn't really know what to expect when El told him that Steve, of all people, needed his help.

Why did Steve need his help? El didn't say.

Since when did Steve ever need help? Hopper didn't know.

Did Hopper really know what to expect when he got to the Harrington's house (more like mansion, but whatever) and did El tell him? Of course not.

Was it too much to say that Hopper was incredibly surprised? No.

Did that mean that he felt disgusted? Horrified? No, never.

Never.

Not with this sight, the sight of Steve a mess of tears and ugly sobbing, even though no sound came out of Steve's mouth.

Hopper blinked a little bit, at the sight of Steve sucking on the tips of his finger, but that didn't stop him from pulling the sobbing Steve into his arms, gently trying to get him to stop crying.

And, eventually, Steve did stop. His eyes closed, and he softly grumbled little babbles of incoherent words as he fell asleep.

Steve didn't ever wake at the sounds his stomach was making.

Hopper looked at the time.

Hopper figured now would be a good time as any to make some food.

Hopper raided the kitchen.

"Ah! Yes! Pancakes! That shouldn't be too hard..." Hopper mumbled to himself.

~~~~~

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I need more soft Hopper and Steve interaction  
dammit

## 19. Chapter 19

### Notes for the Chapter:

Idk if people are still reading these but I'm really sorry it took so long to update...

I've been thinking of updating some of my other stories...

Hopper smiled softly at Steve, hugging him tightly. He glanced at a note on the fridge before looking back at Steve, hoping he wouldn't see it any time soon.

Hopper quickly pulled away, pushing Steve out the kitchen, "now, as much as I love bonding time, you should go take a shower, Steve."

Steve chuckled, "what? No way! I am the epitome of 'ah! Smells like flowers!'"

Hopper raised an eyebrow as his lips quirked.

Steve shuffled before quickly raising his arm and sniffing. Steve made a gagging face, and quickly turned around to run up the stairs.

Hopper laughed loudly, and even louder at hearing Steve's, "THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!"

Hopper yelled back, "SURREEE, SURE, KID!"

Hopper heard a door slam and a louder, half laughing reply of, "SHUT UP!"

~~~~~  
Hopper quickly walked back to the kitchen, ripping the note off the fridge, reading it again.

~~~~~  
'Dear Stevie,

We are so sorry that you feel such a way. I can't believe you really think that. Everything we do is for you, and we love you.

However, Stevie, since you seem to be failing your classes, even with all the tutors we've gotten for you, we have decided to give you some books for independent study. They should be in the garage on the top shelf.

We want you to do 100 math problems, 50 English and reading problems everyday, and we want you to think about why you shouldn't yell at and disrespect your elders.

Love, Mother.

P.S. Steven, don't be retarded, do your work and get those answers correct. If even one answer is not, you will be severely punished.'

~~~~~

Hopper shuddered. He couldn't tell if the note was written by one or two people, but the beginning and end gave him a slight whiplash feeling.

He contemplated if he should be worried about that threat at the end, but at the same time, Hopper didn't exactly have any proof of anything.

~~~~~

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I think it's important that people think about mental and emotional abuse as much as they do for physical and sexual abuse, and that's what I'm trying to do with Steve and his interaction(s) with his parents. At the same time, I should probably research this a little bit more, but I will admit I can be lazy when it comes to research....

## 20. Chapter 20

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry it took so long to update ;-;  
I've just been so busy lately but I know that might  
just be considered an excuse to you guys...  
Sorry this chap is so short ;-;  
I need to get back in the groove...

Hopper and Steve ate silently, but it wasn't awkward. It was more of a soft and comfortable silence, and that made Steve's eyes feel heavy and his body lax.

Steve started to eat slower, distracted by the growing feeling. He felt himself start to fiddle with his fork and his clothes and his fingers, unintentionally starting to suck on one of his fingers.

"Everything alright, Steve?" Hopper asked gently, making Steve notice what he was doing.

Steve quickly took his finger out of his mouth, flushing as he looked down, embarrassed.

Hopper chuckled, "I don't mind, kid. It's ok," Hopper said, and Steve couldn't help but feel giddy, completely overtaken by the warmth and softness.

"Really?!" Steve giggles loudly, in a sudden higher pitch as he started to suck on his finger again, bouncing himself slightly in his chair.

Hopper smiled gently, nodding.

Steve squealed cutely, leaping off his chair, taking Hopper by the arm, and dragged him to where the tv was.

~~~~~

Hopper sat silently at the couch above Steve, who was sitting on the carpet with his back pressed against the bottom part of the gigantic couch. Hopper gently stroked Steve's hair, making Steve giggle and smile.

Hopper and Steve jumped at the sound of a gentle knock, and Hopper gently shushed a whimpering Steve, "don't worry, I'll get it. Stay right here," he said, getting up and ignoring the soft whine Steve gave.

Hopper blinked in surprise as he opened the door.

~~~~~

## Notes for the Chapter:

I Promise

PROMISE

to continue to update this story and all the other stories I have, it'll just take me a while to catch up to them for a while, so please be patient with me.

In other news,

I

AM

BACK

BABYYYY

ALSO

CLIFFY

HAHAHAHHAHAHA

## 21. Chapter 21

Hopper blinked, not knowing what to say to the two teenagers in front of him.

Jonathan and Nancy shuffled their feet awkwardly.

The silence seemed to stretch for years, before Nancy quickly stepped forward.

"H-Hop! Uh, you see- there- we-" Nancy stuttered, fiddling with something she was holding behind her.

Hopper opened his mouth, ready to turn them away when--

"Nancie!!! Jonathie!!!" A little squeak squeezed past Hopper's body and leaped into Nancy and Jonathan, making them gasp in surprise and making Nancy drop what she was holding in order to catch Steve, and having poor Jonathan struggle to catch Nancy and what she dropped.

Unluckily for Jonathan, he only managed to barely catch Nancy, and the little plastic box clicked against the floor.

Hopper reached down, quickly saying, "Oh, don't worry I got-" Hopper stopped, staring at the clear plastic box, now noticing that it had a pair of pastel pink, decorated pacifiers in it. He picked it up, giving Jonathan and Nancy a confused look.

"What is this?" He asked, noticing their worried faces, as he glanced between Jonathan and Nancy, "Nancy, please tell me you're not-"

"No! God, Hopper, no, I'm- I'm not pregnant!" Nancy hissed, her cheeks turning bright red as she gently held Steve closer, "it's- it's for-"

"It's for Steve," Jonathan said bluntly, nodding to the inside of the house, "and can we come in? Talk in a more....less open setting?"

Hopper blinked, nodding, "right, right...of course, come on in."

Nancy and Jonathan gave quick nods to him, swiftly stepping inside while Hopper closed the door.

Nancy placed Steve on the couch, tapping his nose while making funny faces at him, making Steve giggle, then squeal as she blew raspberry on his cheek.

Hopper and Jonathan couldn't hide the small smiles that grew on their faces.

## 22. Chapter 22

### Notes for the Chapter:

HEHEHEHHEHEHEHE

\*more evil laughter in the distance\*

The day was over before they knew it, the sun setting gently over the horizon, turning the sky into soft purples and oranges. The shades of colors bounced off clouds, seemingly reflecting off them.

Jonathan and Nancy stood on the doorstep yet again, giving Steve and Hopper little waves of goodbye, promising, "We'll see you at school, Stevie, okay?"

Steve beamed, nodding, while Hopper chuckled softly, waving the two teens off, watching them get into Jonathan's car and drive off, probably towards Joyce's house for a late dinner.

Hopper turned to look at Steve, watching him gently suck on a pacifier. Hopper knelt down to Steve's level, grabbing Steve's shoulder gently, rubbing his thumb in small circles, "you gonna be ok being alone for the rest of the night, Stevie," Hopper said gently, using Nancy and Jonathan's nickname for Steve, "I need to go back home, someone's waiting for me."

"oh...okie, Hopsie!" Steve lisped around his pacifier, reaching out and patting Hopper's arm gently, "be caeful!" Steve said, in his true caring fashion.

Hopper smiled, messing Steve's hair as he stood back up to his normal height, "Alright then, Stevie. I'll be on my way now, ok?"

Steve nodded, flicking his fingers up and down in a cute way as Hopper started to exit, the door following him.

"Don't forget to lock the door, Stevie!" Hopper said loudly, closing the door fully after hearing Steve's little hum of confirmation.

After hearing a little click, Hopper nodded to himself as he went to

his car, driving off to his cabin.

~~~~~

Steve hummed, the first rays of sunlight shining through his window, smacking him in the face.

Steve groaned loudly, something falling out of his mouth and clinking on the floor.

Speaking of the floor, why was Steve on it?

Did-

Did he fall asleep on the floor?!

No wonder his body was in pain-

Steve deadpanned, staring at the pacifier that lay below him.

'Oh, that's right...' Steve thought, his memories a little fuzzy, 'Nancy and Jonathan came over...and...'

Steve looked at the pacifier. Several minutes ticked by.

Steve blinked, shooting to stand up, exclaiming, "oh SHIT! SHIT SHIT SHIT!!! SCHOOL! IM SO SCREWED!!!" He scrambled to his closet, throwing it open, tearing his old clothes off, grabbing some random shirt and jeans and throwing it on so fast he almost thought he put his shirt on backwards until he looked at himself in the mirror. Steve looked at the clock, grimacing at the time, "Jesus...I'm gonna be so late...sorry kids, I can't pick you guys up today...I hope you guys made it to school..." Steve practically prayed, combing his fingers through his hair in a makeshift brush, getting out the little tangles.

Another glance at the clock, and Steve flew out the door.

~~~~~

Steve walked briskly towards his locker, not really looking to where he was going.

That is, until he collided with another body.

"OW! Holy shit, watch it, dingus!"

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

this is what happens when I listen to music and lip-  
sync to it while i write  
IM S O R R Y

butnotreally

ALSO HAHAHA TAKE A GUESS WHO IT IS-

## 23. Chapter 23

### Notes for the Chapter:

Mwahaha  
ENJOY

Steve blinked at the nickname, "D-dingus?"

The girl huffed, her hands flying to her hips as she tilted her body, "yeah, that's right, dingus! Watch where the heck you're going!"

Steve's eyes trailed to her shirt, a soft pastel blue with little embroidered, kind of punk style, rose, a few petals falling around it. A smaller version of it on her right sleeve.

A thin, black belt held up a simple pair of jeans, though Steve noticed a small rip in the knee.

Simple white, laced up sneakers with little charms and designs.

It was cute.

"Um, excuse me, my eyes are up here!" The girl hissed, poking Steve hard in the shoulder.

Steve winced, "oh- no- I wasn't-!"

The girl growled, "wait, I know you...Steve 'The Hair' Harrington?"

Steve carefully nodded.

"Hah, I knew it! Don't think for one second that just because you're popular that I'd let you eye me! I'm not one of those easy girls who fall for your every whim!"

Steve gulped, holding his hands up in a non-threatening way, "h-hey, hold on! Hold on! That's not what I was doing!"

The girl narrowed her eyes, falling silent. Letting him answer.

"I just thought your outfit was cute," Steve mumbled quietly, glancing around nervously.

The girl rose an eyebrow, "hm? Sorry?" She leaned closer, turning her head a bit so her ear faced him.

Steve flushed, stuttering, "I-I just thought..."

"You just thought...?" She said, staring him down.

Vaguely, Steve heard the bell ring.

"...I thought that your outfit was pretty cute."

The girl blinked in surprise, and then glanced him up and down, "oh, well, thanks. Your outfit's not so bad, either, Harrington...sorry for freaking out on you like that," she said, giggling awkwardly while her face turned red.

Steve chuckled, "no, it's ok! I realize how it might've looked..."

The bell rang again, making Steve and the girl look around.

"Well, better get to class...see you later, Dingus!" She said, patting Steve in the shoulder before disappearing around a corner.

"Ah- Wait-!"

But she was already gone.

"What's your name?" Steve asked the empty hallway.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

MWAHAHA

Robin is the beST TBH  
:))))

Sorry if this isn't as good as usual, I'm really tired

## 24. Chapter 24

### Notes for the Chapter:

this ones a little short please forgive me ;-;

The bell for lunch rang out, loud and slightly echoing through the halls.

Steve sighed as he walked out the classroom door, contemplating where he should go for lunch as he put his things in his locker. He wasn't sure if he wanted to talk with Nancy and Jonathan, despite their promise to see him at school, despite the soft feeling that grew in his stomach at the thought of them. He was too focused on the girl he met, the deep sense of familiarity that he felt with her was confusing him slightly, making it the only thing he could really focus on.

Even class was difficult to pay attention to, his thoughts wandering to his time with Nancy and Jonathan and Hopper to his rather brief encounter with the girl.

He didn't realize how long he was standing and staring at his still opened locker until he felt a playful shove.

"Aw, miss me, Harrington? I thought I'd find you here."

Steve blinked, turning to her, "oh! hey....um..."

She stared, grinning, "Robin. Robin Buckley. You dork," she laughed, gently messing with his hair.

"H-Hey, no! No touching the merchandise!" Steve whined, his hands flying to his head to fix the new mess.

Robin giggled, "really? The merchandise?" She paused, her eyes glancing around before flicking back to Steve, "Hey...want to have lunch together, dingus?"

Steve smiled, nodding, "Sure! Are we eating outside or in the cafeteria?" Steve started to fiddle with his sleeve, making Robin's eyes

flicker to them for a moment.

"Hmm...." She said, tapping her chin, "Outside will work. They're never really anyone there."

Steve quirked his eyebrow at that, "What do you mean?" he asked, his fiddling stopping for just a moment before continuing.

Robin copied him slightly, fiddling with the small stitched rose on her sleeve, "Well, I thought we could talk and...bond over similar interests," she said slyly, smirking as if she just talked in code.

And, perhaps she did.

Steve felt like he knew what she was meaning to say, and so he nodded, "lead the way, then. I can't wait to talk our....shared interests."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

might make another chap today so watch out :D

## 25. Chapter 25

### Notes for the Chapter:

Please don't hurt me for being so late!!! I'm so, so sorry!!!

Ik, this is a short chapter.....

As Steve and Robin sat on the concrete steps, there was a comforting silence while they nibbled on their lunch.

Steve's eyes caught sight of Robin's shoes.

Or, specifically, a rather specific little charm that was attached to her shoes.

~~~~~

Nancy glanced around the lunchroom.

"I still don't see him...Jonathan, what if-" She turned at the gentle hand that grasped hers.

Jonathan's soft eyes looked at her, "it's okay, Nance. Maybe," Jonathan paused, "maybe Steve just had something come up and he left early."

Nancy worried her lip, "Maybe...but, then wouldn't he have told us-"

"Hey, where's Pr-" A cough, "Where's Harrington? I thought he pretty much always say with you two at lunch?" A rough, cigarette-used voice said.

Nancy and Jonathan turned to the new voice, "Sorry, I don't see how this conversation could include you, Billy, so why don't you butt out and go hang out with your other asshole friends?" Nancy hissed dangerously, squaring her shoulders.

"Nancy!" Jonathan softly said, gently grasping her arm.

Billy help his hands up innocently, "I'm not sure what you mean, Nancy," Billy said, sickingly sweetly.

Nancy growled, and all of the sudden, all of the cafeteria had it's eyes on them.

~~~~~

Steve and Robin laughed together, leaning on each other.

"I can't believe it-" Robin snorted, "Are you being serious with me, Stevie?"

Steve nodded aggressively, giggles spilling out of his mouth, "I'm serious! Its true!"

Robin cackled, stomping her feet as she leaned back, the small pacifier pin glinting in the sunlight as her feet moved.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

[insert aggressive eyebrow wiggling here] hmm??  
hmmm?????